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CLASS-DAY OFFICERS.

The Tech.

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THE TECH.

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For the benefit of students THE TECH will be pleased to answer all questions and obtain all possible information pertaining to any department of the College.

Contributions are requested from all undergraduates, alumni, and officers of instruction. No anonymous manuscript can be accepted.

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"'Tis work for work's sake that we're needing;
Let us work on and on as if speeding
Work's end, but not dream of succeeding;
Because if success were intended,
Why, heaven would begin ere earth ended,'
—Browning.



HAT, indeed, is success? That each man must answer for himself. Success for one may be failure for another. Youth is prone to view indistinctly as through a glowing cloud the possibilities of the future, and yet few, even of the experienced, would have it otherwise. The reality may prove a bitter disappointment, but by it may grow the man.

Ninety-Four, you go forth with the confidence and ambition that only a worthy preparation can inspire. With you are the hopes of your parents, your friends, and your *Alma Mater*. Perhaps none of you will attain your highest object, but "work on and on as if speeding work's end." Remember the happy days just ended; observe the noble examples that may always be seen by those who look for them; keep your hearts pure and open, and your aims high, then your lives will be good and useful, no matter what is the criterion of success. "They can conquer who believe they can."

THE winning of the Intercollegiate Championship simply proves what has frequently been asserted—that Technology has good and abundant athletic material. However, the difficulties under which our athletes have had to labor makes their victory doubly glorious, and doubly appreciated by all friends of Technology. The thanks of every student must be extended to President Walker and the Faculty for granting the holiday during the midst of examinations, which alone made it possible for M. I. T. to be represented at all at Worcester. The efficient coaching of Mr. Graham must be recognized, too. He had confidence in our material, and he labored successfully to have his own early prediction verified. The athletes themselves have our heartiest congratulations for their perseverance, pluck, and victory.

We regret that we cannot make this an athletic as well as a Class Day edition of THE TECH. But our space is very limited, so we can but give a brief summary of the Worcester events, and our own spring meeting at Holmes Field must be omitted entirely.

IN this Class Day edition of THE TECH are the heartiest congratulations to the Class of '94 for the past and best wishes for the future. Let not the hard times discourage you. The world still moves, and so does THE TECH. However, the spirits of both commendation and criticism are stayed for the present, owing to the conditions under which this number of THE TECH is published. It is, nevertheless, fair to state that the Commencement Exercises of '94 were as enjoyable and successful as any Technology has had. Long live their memory!

AN unexpected delay in the receipt of some necessary manuscript prevented earlier delivery of the CLASS-DAY TECH. The editors trust that even in this case it is "better late than never."

Calendar.

- May 25th.—Reception to Graduating Class by Alumni Association, Young's Hotel, at 8 P. M.
- May 26th.—Concert by Glee and Banjo Clubs complimentary to Senior Class, Huntington Hall, at 8 P. M.
- May 27th.—Baccalaureate sermon by Bishop Lawrence, in Trinity Church, at 4 P. M.
- May 28th.—Class Day exercises, Huntington Hall, 2.30 P. M. Reception in Engineering Building, 4 P. M. Architectural Exhibition, Architectural Building, 9 A. M. to 4.30 P. M. Senior Assembly, Pierce Hall, at 8 P. M.
- May 29th.—Final Undergraduate Meeting of Class of '94, Room 11, Rogers, at 11 A. M. Graduation Exercises, Huntington Hall, at 2.30 P. M. President's Reception in the President's Room, at 4 P. M. Exhibition of Buildings, Apparatus, and work of students, 4 to 6 P. M. Architectural Exhibit, 9 A. M. to 4.30 P. M.

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE.

Thomas Pelham Curtis, First Marshal; Albert Ball Tenney, Second Marshal; John Conyngham Stevens, Third Marshal; Samuel Henry Blake, Edward Dutton Clarke, Arthur Austin Clement, Charles William Dickey, Lewis Stone Greenleaf, Frederick William Harwood, Jr., William Herbert King, Luther Roberts Nash, John Chase Nowell, George Wilmarth Sherman, William Read Westcott, Charles Nelson Wrightington.

The Alumni Reception.

THE reception tendered by the M. I. T. Alumni Association to the Graduating Class at Young's Hotel, on Friday evening, May 25th, was a fitting introduction to the five days of final festivities in which the Class of '94 indulged. One hundred and twenty members of the graduating Class and as many more representatives of the Faculty, Alumni, Corporation, Glee and Banjo Clubs, assembled in the reception room of the hotel shortly after eight o'clock. Soon the large dining hall was thrown open, and every person did justice to the bountiful and elaborate spread provided. Then the table was cleared and all settled back to enjoy the speeches. Mr. James P. Monroe, President of the Alumni Association, welcomed the coming graduates to the Association, and had a cordial word for each body represented. After bright remarks, in which the recent victory at Worcester, the duties of alumni, and other timely topics were touched upon, he introduced Professor Sedgwick. President Walker had been suddenly called to New York, to the regret of all present. Professor Sedgwick's address was as broad-minded as it was sincere and to the point. It considered the relations of scientific colleges to the public and to classical institutions; and the use and duty of an alumnus was so strongly and earnestly described that we long to print his words in full. The Glee Club next gave a selection that was immediately encored, and then Professor Runkle was called to the floor amidst the thundering applause of all. In his simple, fatherly way, this noble old gentleman spoke from his heart to the Class of '94. Dr. Williams, of the Corporation, had previously spoken and testified to the unselfish work and interest of Mr. Augustus Lowell of that body, who was unavoidably absent. The Banjo Club then played with its usual finish and with the usual result, an encore. The next speaker was R. B. Price, who, for the class, extended thanks to the Alumni Association, and explained from the student standpoint the

attitude of the class toward Corporation, Faculty and Alumni. More music followed, and Mr. Monroe then closed the formal speaking, and thanked the musical clubs for their contributions toward the success of the evening. The Seniors, one and all, were delighted with the reception.

The Alumni Association, in which is enrolled every graduate of Technology, now numbers 1253, about one fourth the total number of students connected with the Institute since its foundation.

The Architectural Exhibition.

THE Architectural Exhibition in the Architectural Building, opened on Monday morning, hanging space being used on every one of the six floors.

On the ground floor in the regular exhibition room were hung the water-color drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and problems in History of Ornament.

On the second floor, in the 3d year drawing room, the "mention" problems in 3d and 4th year design, were exhibited. The study of these problems forms the most important part of the student's professional work; the designs are wholly original, being based only upon the principles of one of the styles of architecture. The work exhibited often showed great beauty of conception and treatment, and evinced the refinement and unity of expression which can only be taught the student by the use of the academic styles.

On the third floor, the theses of the 4th and 5th year students were hung. They show to a great extent the splendid influence of Professor Despradelle's genius, and are probably the best set of theses ever exhibited. On the floors above, examples of 2d year rendering and the work of the students in Freehand Drawing and Life Class were shown.

The catalogue of the exhibition issued by the Architectural Society is gotten up in a most artistic way, and reflects great credit upon the committee.

The Glee and Banjo Club Concert.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the Glee and Banjo Clubs had had scarcely a rehearsal since the 18th of April, their concert on the evening of May 26th proved very successful. Huntington Hall was crowded with an appreciative audience of Seniors and their friends, with a fair sprinkling of underclassmen and alumni. Owing to a mistake, for which the Clubs were not responsible, no piano had been obtained, and the solos of Messrs. Bates and Barker were necessarily omitted. However, the Clubs played and sang with a spirit worthy of the occasion, sustaining their well-earned reputation. After the concert the clubs assembled in the corridor, gave the long Technology cheer, and then bade each other farewell after a most satisfactory season. This complimentary concert, given so generously by the Clubs to the Senior Class, was in every way such a success that repetitions of it may be considered a settled feature for future Commencements.

N. E. I. P. A. Meeting.

IN the evening after the Intercollegiate Athletic meet at Worcester, on May 23d, the New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its annual meeting and banquet, at the Bay State House. Representatives were present from nearly all the leading New England college papers. For the ensuing year the following officers were elected: President, *Wellesley Magazine*; vice president, *Trinity Tablet*; secretary-treasurer, *Brunonian*; official organ, *Wesleyan Argus*; executive committee, *University Cynic*, *W. P. I.*, and *Williams Weekly*. A committee, consisting of Mr. Furman of the *Williams Weekly*, Mr. Hapgood of the *W. P. I.*, and Mr. Price of THE TECH was appointed to consider means for rendering the Association stronger, broader, more efficient, and more beneficial to its members. It was nearly midnight before the twenty odd delegates sat down to enjoy the banquet prepared for them.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered on May 27th, by Bishop Lawrence, at the Sunday afternoon service in Trinity Church. Through the courtesy of Dr. Donald and the pew holders, the church was given up entirely to the Seniors and their friends. More earnest and appropriate words than those in this sermon could hardly have been spoken.

Exodus xiv. 15. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou to me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

The words of the command are crisp and clear, and they find a response in the life and ambition of every young man to-day. Forward is the watchword of the century, of this country and of every young American. And as for you, my friends of the Class of '94, although your memories are no doubt running backward over the past four years,—the friendships gained, the work accomplished, and the happy days spent as a student,—yet, if I mistake not, your thoughts are now most strongly set for the future; your ambitions are there, your life is there, your struggles and successes are there. Before the forward movement, however, it is well to stop for a few moments to gather to one's self the experiences of the past and the anticipations of the future, in order that the future may be more successfully met.

In this hour we meet to confess the shortcomings and sins of the past, to ask God's help for the future, and, as with the knight of old before starting on his holy quest, to pledge ourselves to truth, to honor, and to the great King himself.

There is one thing of which we may be sure, that however different the work and interests of the future may look to us as compared with our student life in the past, we are going to be much the same men. And the qualities which have made success in the past—intelligence, hard work, sympathy, and courage—are going to make success in the future.

What, then, I want to emphasize is this: that the life of education and the life of action are one; that they cannot be separated as if they had no relation to each other; and that the young man of education in entering upon his profession, carries with him the same high ideals, the same principles, and the same enthusiasm, simply readjusting them to the new surroundings and different occupations.

As one looks out upon life to-day, with its interests, activity, and magnificent achievements, he cannot but be impressed with one characteristic arising from the very intensity and activity of interest,—a tendency on the part of each man to confine himself and his sympathies to the profession, business, or calling, which he has chosen.

Division of labor has developed with wonderful rapidity. As a mechanical and financial economy (and this has been the first consideration), its results have been mar-

velous. But the question for the rising generation,—for you—is as to its effect on the individual character, and on the people as a whole.

The realm of study is so large, and the work demanded so thorough, that a man in order to be successful is pressed to turn his life and interest into one narrow life. Hence the feeling arises that in order to insure success in the next generation a man must narrow himself to one line of interest, and be content to be a narrow man.

Granted this, and you have submitted to the demoralization of the individual. You have demanded that all scientists shall follow the example of their master, Darwin,—so great and yet so limited,—and suffer an atrophy of poetry and religion. And you have shut the great and modern callings in science, which the Institute of Technology represents, into small and narrow pursuits.

Granted this apology for a narrow life, for a specialist who is a specialist and nothing more, and you have lost one of the noblest objects and ideals of mankind.

Pardon me if I say that this strikes me as the imminent danger of technical and mechanical schools. Intense application to the work of the school may narrow the sympathies and cramp the larger aspirations, and the young graduate, keen, brilliant, able in his own calling, but narrow, unsympathetic, without other interest, goes out to make his way in life. Such, I know, is not the ideal set before you in this Institute of Technology. The founders were men with breadth of vision; your officers are such; the Institute is well placed in the midst of a cultivated community. This very Copley Square, with its noble churches, suggestive of the spiritual life, its Art Museum, telling of beauty and truth, and its library, with its associations of history and literature, are daily reminders to you of greater thoughts. You have missed a large part of the benefit of your course if you have not at least felt the influence of a culture broader than your studies, and of a character nobler than your calling. A man's science is no less science when he feels within and behind it the pulsations of art and poetry. The civil engineer is no less the civil engineer, and he is the larger and the happier man if, in the deep woods through which he is to lead the railroad, he feels the solemnity of the primeval forest, and rejoices in the beauties of nature around him. The architect is the nobler architect and the greater man if behind the mechanics and the art of his work he feels the thrill of the religion which has made the glorious fanes which are still the pride of architecture. In fact, if architecture is the expression of the architect's ideals, we can have no noble creations unless we have noble men as architects. I have emphasized this, my friends, because I want to press home upon you the spirit in which the educated man takes up his life work; intensely interested in his own pursuit, and widely sympathetic with all that concerns men.

Whatever pursuit you enter, then, be larger than the pursuit. Keep your mind open to the thoughts that seek entrance from every source; be alive to the interests of others; put yourself into sympathy with men of other callings. Read and think of something beyond your own

business and the daily newspaper. Keep in touch with the great minds and characters of all ages, and especially of to-day.

This is the hour when we should ask ourselves seriously as to our ambitions. What is your definition of success? Is it dependent on popular recognition? There is no question that to the mind of many people success is closely bound to public approval and renown. Men instinctively look to their fellow men to judge their work. That is natural. Still the deeper question rises, does success depend upon public approval? May it not be won, is it not often won, when no note of approval is heard save from our own conscience?

What will result if this principle is expressed in the quiet influence of an active, earnest life? Instead of a man who is ever anxious lest the fame of his fortune or of his talents does not get abroad before the grave closes on him, you have one who in calm confidence or in buoyant enthusiasm does his duty in life, puts his hand to the business that life lays on him, reaches out his hand and grasps duties that, without his volunteer service, life would not have laid on him. In other words, my friends, only a very small fraction of humanity is ever heard from, and of that fraction it were well if a good part had gone down in silence. The great mass of men, and as a rule the best of them, simply do their work, find their little scrap of truth, live their faithful life, give a little cheer to their comrades, and then surrender the whole into God's hands, and to the service of those who come after. It sounds little but it is noble, very noble, to become a living stone in that living temple of humanity, to help to build up man into the glorious ideal which God has placed before him. He serves posterity best who serves his own generation best, and the ambition of the true man is patient, faithful, present, silent service.

There is another element in the active life of to-day which needs sorely the spirit of a truly educated man. From the student's study, the scientist's laboratory, and from the depths of the masses of the people, there has arisen a vague, popular fatalism, a sense that man is not so free as he thought himself, a surrender to circumstance, a stolid yielding to fate. There is that unthinking sentiment that things are so, and they have got to go on as they are. What has this to do with you, and with the duty of an educated man? Education deals with life and the history of life.

Of all places next to the Church, the School of Learning is the last place to weaken faith in the worth of character. The history of civilization is the history of the victorious march of spiritual forces. Therefore, the graduate who passes through the college gates to the problems of life goes with a perfect confidence in this, that man has the future in his grasp, that there is no social circumstance or political situation or moral conditions which, if rightly met, will not yield to the spiritual energy of man. He has no patience with the whine that because an abuse has been, therefore it must be. Can there be a better object lesson of the power of the spiritual forces of man than the past century has produced? As we run our memories

back over the history of our century to 1794, we review the many social and political injustices of Europe, the burdens of the Revolution in this country, the institution of slavery as a mark of civilization, and find almost nothing of that spirit of the common civic and social interests of all classes, which has risen so rapidly in the last twenty-five years. What has wrought the change? There is only one answer—man,—with his unique spiritual force, his will, his intellect, his creative and inventive mind. There have been leaders, but there have been the rank and file of kindred spirits who did their work, and did it as silently as they lived.

While these facts stand and these memories last, who of you is going to yield to the cowardly word that things must be as they are, and that movements and tendencies are greater than men, and cannot be guided and created. The list of what has been done by men suggests what man has yet to do, and to do in this present generation. You know what it is? The tremendous social questions, the problems of politics and economics, of national integrity, of charity, of the family, of the rights of property and of the individual, of purity in society, of commercial honor. These things are not going to drift. They are going to move, and some of them to move rapidly; and some men are going to be behind the movement; the ignorant, the charlatan, the selfish, and the immoral, if not the intelligent, the honest, the unselfish, and the pure. The question that I want to ask you, and that I believe you are asking yourselves, is, what part are you going to take in the work? Is the true, manly spirit, that believes above all things in the worth and power of character, going with you into the activities of life? You will find fellow-workers of intelligence and strength who never had an education in the schools, but you have something of your own, and of your student life and opportunities to bring. Carry it with you, and believe in all humility that where a man is wanted, there your work as a man can be done.

Some of you may think that I have hardly touched the level of a sermon, for religion, as such, has hardly been mentioned. On the contrary, my words have failed of their purpose if they have not been interpreted as a part of religion. I know of no better way of serving God than that of taking life in its larger and wider relations, doing our work faithfully, regardless of popular applause, and with confidence in the worth of character. He who so lives must live in the spirit of Christ. He must turn to Him for his ideal, his support, and inspiration. Christ has been at the foundation of all that has been good in the movements of the past century. Christ must be at the foundation of every action for good in your generation. This, then, is my last word to you, men of the Class of '94: in your hopes and disappointments, in your success and defeats, turn to Him for the richest embodiment of manhood, and in His life rest in confidence.

A few more copies of "The Technology Portfolio" may be obtained at MacLachlan's.

The Class-Day Exercises.

PROGRAMME.

Overture	Orchestra.
Address by President of the Class, Raymond Beach Price.	
History	Theophilus Clive Davies.
Oration	Charles Arthur Meade.
Music	Orchestra.
Poem	Arthur Asabel Shurtleff.
Statistics	Colbert Anderson MacClure.
Music	Orchestra.
Prophecy	Harold Mayson Chase.
Music	Orchestra.

In answer to the prayers of the Seniors, beautiful weather greeted them and their friends on Class Day. At half-past two, Huntington Hall was filled with a thousand expectant people. The class slowly marched in to take their seats, and the Class Day officers soon appeared upon the platform, which had been decorated by Galvin with plants and flowers. After an overture by Daggett's orchestra, President Price advanced to the front of the platform and addressed the audience.

MY CLASSMATES AND OUR FRIENDS :—

WHILE we are gathered here this afternoon, the last in the undergraduate existence of the Class of Ninety-Four, it might be a problem worthy a philosopher's attention to depict the varied thoughts of those present. For parent, sister, and friend I cannot speak, but for my Class I can say that we extend to you all, our friends, a cordial welcome. Should the exercises occasionally be lacking in interest, we beg you to remember that much of their pith and point can be clear only to those familiar with our college life, and for this necessary condition we would ask your indulgence. As for their simplicity, we can merely explain that it is in accordance with the wishes of William Barton Rogers, the noble founder and first President of Technology.

Our thoughts, my classmates, may well stray backward to scenes of four years ago. Then our pattering footsteps were heard for the first time in this hall, as we came to meet him who afterward proved so true a

friend—President Francis A. Walker. Since then these doors have been shaken by class contests; these leathern seats have withstood our twitchings as we vainly endeavored in examinations to extract missing information from the intellectual glances of the learned gentlemen upon the frieze above us. What excitement, what terror these events caused while we were in their midst! And now, as Seniors, almost as Graduates, we pause in contemplation. What have these four years done for us? What have we done for them?

Classes, like individuals, vary. Of Ninety-Four we may always carry a fond remembrance, and seek individually to attain and maintain her standards. Her aim has been toward progress, breadth, and loyalty.

As years go by we shall realize more and more the debt we owe Technology. She has given us a broad education: if not, the fault lies with us. Perhaps the term "liberal," in its strictest sense, cannot be applied to her teaching, but our professors have sought to develop the best there is in us, at the same time giving us every opportunity to learn the secret hidden in that little word "sympathy." The honest work of any person should never be despised, or considered of less value to mankind than our own. It is not fair for us to judge. Some of the old, conservative, liberal school believe that breadth and sympathy are inconsistent with specialism. The noble examples of many of our most noted specialists to-day prove that the incongruity lies chiefly in the narrowness of the conservative himself. If each one of us takes to heart the earnest words of Bishop Lawrence in the baccalaureate sermon of yesterday, we also, through specialism, may elevate, not degrade, human effort.

We are about to meet the world. Despite the regret each must feel in ending his college days, all of us must experience considerable satisfaction that an epoch in our lives has been honorably completed—its aim accomplished. For the coming struggle, we can but wait

with mingled confidence and doubt. However, let us remember that neither success nor happiness can be measured by dollars and cents even in hard times.

And now, my last words to you, my dear classmates, concern our friendships. During four years we have been side by side in joy and sorrow, success and failure. Our regard has been little restrained by social distinctions; the cold, business-like methods of the world have had slight chance to contaminate the natural frankness and generous, open-heartedness of youth. Let us preserve these bonds through life as our choicest treasures. They cannot but strengthen and ennoble us by their influence. A gentleman who combines in himself an unusual number of human virtues has said: "It is the love emanating *from* us that enriches our natures, cultivates our best effort, and produces the noblest fruit." And surely such a gift is never wasted upon the receiver.

So, our friends, the emotions of the Class of Ninety-Four may vary as the past is recalled, the future predicted. Again we welcome you, that you may share these feelings with us.

It is my privilege to present to you the one chosen from our midst to officiate upon this occasion. He is a man who has worked earnestly and unselfishly for his class, and, above all, for Technology. No one can begrudge the honor that has been bestowed by Ninety-Four upon our Chief Marshal, Mr. Thomas Pelham Curtis.

Mr. Curtis then assumed his duties, beginning as follows:—

"I sincerely hope that there are but few here this afternoon who have been present at Class Day exercises in past years, and expect this year to find novelties and more elaborate ceremonies than heretofore. If there are such I fear that they will be disappointed, for, as a glance at your programme will show, our exercises to-day are to be of the usual simple and very unassuming character adopted by

our predecessors; and can we only succeed in interesting you for an hour or so with our history, oratory, etc., we shall be more than satisfied. I believe that that is the usual sermon to begin such an occasion as this with, but I will try to make it the last offense of the kind. As an 'opener,' so to speak, we shall tell you our class history. I take great pleasure in introducing our historian, Mr. Theophilus Clive Davies."

THE CLASS HISTORY.

As in all the great movements of history, the original germs from which sprang that mighty civilizing factor, the transcendental class of Ninety-four, must be sought in an age far prior to that in which it became a thing evident to the common herd, in an age of small things and small minds. I refer to the age of infancy.

At that period many countries were busy (without their knowledge) contributing to various component parts of the above mentioned great class. The larger portion came from the various parts of that great country which enjoys the privilege of possessing this Institute of Technology. As was fitting, Boston itself has supplied the chair,—the chair upon which we set so great a Price.

We must go back two decades to the opening years of the seventies, and, if you will, we may trace some of the moving influences of Ninety-four to their sources. For instance: At this early date the little Torossian might have been found playing on the banks of the river Danube. Perhaps he acquired the art of dyeing his clothes with the proverbial blue water; and doubtless he learnt by heart the music of the "Blue Danube," which we know so well and hear so often. Even Guatemala at that time was training a sample child, who should shortly form one of the attractions in the old curiosity shop on Boylston Street.

But those "mid-Pacific isles, upon whose coral strand the silver waves aye warble forth the music of their love songs," as the news-

paper reporter would probably say, in his constant effort to substitute for fact gushing, if not poetical, fancy,—those islands, I say, called in America “Hawi-a,” in England “Ha-wa-i,” outstripped all other foreign exhibitors by sending a delegation of three. They had been carefully reared on Brimstone and Treacle at a sugar plantation on the slopes of the great Volcano. We even had a delegate from China. Poor fellow! He set out by buying all his books from Ridler. But his pocket-book could not stand this drain, and he was forced to leave us. From Athens, Gilead, Delphi, and many other towns of Eastern historic fame, which, we were told, were now in the United States, the medley of different races has come. So the class of Ninety-four has some from many parts of the world.

A few preliminary courses of lectures are always given by certain members of the Faculty to the innocent strangers, before the regular work begins. The first of these was given by “the Bird,” and consisted of one lecture on the enormity of offering an umbrella to be checked with the ferrule toward the lecturess. The result, in our case, was undoubtedly good, as it produced a feeling of thankfulness that the Bird was caged. The next lecture was given to the class as a whole. A man appeared before us to urge the desirability of certain sets of drawing instruments, and also to persuade the class that he did not make anything on the sale. His eagerness on this last point caused us to open our eyes, and we have ever since been suspicious.

Last of these preliminary lectures came that which was announced by,—

“The President will meet the First-Year students at ten o’clock in Huntington Hall.”

It was then that we were introduced to the man to whom Technology owes so much, to whom every one looks with reverence and regard. The hush, that is felt when President Walker approaches, is proof that the uniform kindness and sympathy he extends to all who need it have touched every one with whom he

comes in contact. And I venture to assert that there is no one connected with us to-day who does not realize that the institution is great which possesses such a President.

The first important event of classic history was, of course, our first class meeting. And of course the Sophomores, Ninety-three, strove to frustrate all our efforts, being especially savage after the indignities they had suffered at the hands of Ninety-two the year before. Our first class meeting was held in the gymnasium under difficulties. Business had to be transacted intermittently. For instance, the chairman called for nominations for Class President. Above the crowd which surged round the chairman towered the head of J. C. Stevens, a regular Saul among the people. Quick as thought his name was proposed. But the time had been occupied by our opponents in charging down the hall upon us. We were, therefore, obliged to suspend business until we had carefully replaced Ninety-three at the other end of the hall. Then we elected our temporary president, and were ready for the next sortie.

Since we had come to study in Boston, we must needs catch the Boston fever. So we were soon hard at work playing soldiers. This is a game which several of us had not played for many years—but then, we had not lived in Boston. How it would have rejoiced our hearts in those days to have been allowed to wear the pretty things which were now thrust upon us! But in Boston it is considered a very good game for old and young alike, for they all play it there.

After we had marched about for a few weeks, proudly carrying real guns, we became so thoroughly impressed with our own prowess that it was decided to give the outside world an opportunity to appreciate it. So a hall was secured, and on the day appointed the battalion marched forth before the admiring eyes of its friends. The band exhausted themselves in their efforts to induce sympathetic vibrations in the hearts of those who

listened to them. As for our drum major,—the way in which he spun his staff and tossed it in the air so infatuated all the old ladies, that when at length he tossed it high and failed to catch it on the return, sobs were audible in every part of the building.

We were not permitted to win our spurs without an effort. The usual programme was repeated by the Sophomore class,—the programme which has had to be recited so monotonously by every class historian. As, however, this was the last of its kind, it seems fitting that it should be told.

The opening of the attack by Ninety-three was announced in a very proper way by a shower of Boston Baked Beans. Had Ninety-four but known what a pork “scrap” was to follow,—but we anticipate. It is not known exactly why the meal did not include fish-balls. They would probably have played havoc with the Freshman ranks. But we gallantly stood our ground amidst the rattle of the beans. At length piercing shrieks were heard, and there burst upon the scene a horrid quadruped, called a greased pig. In past ages, we had read, men made use of a horse as an ambush, but it was humiliating in the extreme to find that members of our Institute had been forced to have recourse to a pig. Surely the Freshmen were to be pardoned if they did not know at first how to tackle this form of Ninety-three.

But there was one who was equal to the occasion. Our general had seen pork before in many forms. Nothing daunted, he seized the intruder by the tail and caused him to return to his friends. Imagine the proud feelings of us Freshmen, as we beheld our gray-haired commander thus occupied. At the close of this exhibition several members of the Class of Ninety-three, assisted by the Faculty, went home with the pig, and never came back any more. That is why this programme was the last of its kind.

The Ninety-four Freshman football eleven played three games. Of these two were won,

and the other—against the Sophomore team—lost. It was at the close of this last that Ninety-four discovered what was really meant by a “cane rush.”

The rain was falling dismally. The clouds of steam from the trains which were continually passing only added to the obscurity of the clammy mist which hung over the field. The ground itself was one vast mud puddle, stirred by the feet of the throng of men who surged round the spot where the struggle was going on. The scrimmage continued for some time, during which many exchanged garments with their enemies. Frequent diversion was afforded to the Sophomores by the duels fought by angry Freshmen with each other,—each contestant thinking the other was a Soph. And after all we won the rush.

Up to this time we had numbered over three hundred and sixty (including women and children). Now the first of those sad partings occurred which mark the history of every class at Tech. The semi-annual examinations had arrived. When Ninety-four returned for the next term there were some vacant chairs.

The events of the second term of Freshman year were less striking than those of the first. The class Baseball Nine won three games, the fourth—against Harvard Ninety-four—resulting in a draw.

Our return next year placed us in new circumstances. Many of us became inmates of the Engineering Building. We now passed from under the control of the President; for in the Engineering Building reigns a despot, familiarly known as the “Colonel.” He has entire control of the engineering courses. It is even rumored that he grants them their degrees. He is also responsible for keeping the rooms clean. He is, in fact, the janitor.

As Sophomores, our football team was signally successful against the class of Ninety-five. Our experience in the mud puddle of the year before had made us so proficient in the art of rushing, that we secured, with the cane, a large and valuable collection of cast-off

Freshman garments. How it would have delighted the eyes of Keezer—the patient, persevering Keezer! Is it not enough to melt a heart of stone to see him as he stands upon the curbstone piteously pleading? The scorching sun cannot force Keezer from his post. Let the rain drive in sheets,—still Keezer stands his ground. And when the storms of winter howl about old Rogers steps, and the blinding snow flies wildly up and down, like some poor thing seeking in vain for rest, still, between the gusts, you will hear the same sad words, “I give the highest price for old clothes.”

But oh! the joy of being Juniors! What privileges might we not enjoy! for we were now allowed to array ourselves in silk hats. Oh, how nice!

On our return at the beginning of Junior year, we found that a long-felt want had been supplied. The architects—always a noisy set—occupied the rooms over the physical laboratories in the Walker Building. They had in some way become the proud possessors of a section of a stone column. With this plaything they whiled away the long hours of many an afternoon, rolling it from end to end of their drawing room. In vain did the sorrowing student below strive to adjust the delicate balances to agree with his “original records.” The earth quaked, and all work must cease while the architects were at play.

Now, we found, a special building had been put up for the Menagerie. Here the architects have lived ever since. And, as the curious gaze at them through the windows that open from the engineering drawing rooms, they may see stuffed birds and other things suspended over the desks. They bear large labels, requesting strangers “not to feed the animals,” presumably because they are models for the life class. At the top of the building are kept the large baskets in which the young women studying at the Institute are said to practice rowing.

The great event of our Junior year was,

however, the issue of our annual “Technique.” The “Technique” Board had published their hope that this volume would prove “the best of all its predecessors,” as the notice said. Certainly they and their class were not disappointed.

The advent of Senior year brought with it a proper amount of dignity; for we were now promoted to sit beneath the eagle eyes of the heads of our courses. Some of us were fortunate enough to take a course in shop work. We have become liable to make the most rapid progress by the purchase of notes—from Ridler.

But what did we not learn in our course on the Theory of Elasticity. We had long known the story of Peter Piper and the pickled peppers. We had reason to make an addition to the legend after our study of stresses and strains in rectangular parallelepipedical particles.

As a finale, the class of Ninety-four can boast the most successful Senior dinner ever given at the Institute. The attendance numbered over the hundred, and included almost the whole class.

The sojourn of Ninety-four here has been marked by an important growth in the Institute. A new building has been erected, and a large piece of land has been added to its property. When the class entered, four years ago, it was the boast that they had swelled the attendance to the nine-hundred mark. Now we number over eleven hundred.

But as the class gathers here to-day,—all that are left of us, left of three hundred and sixty,—we would not forget that death has taken from us two of that number: Percy Winthrop Mead and John Aiken.

Gentlemen of Ninety-four, you have borne with me while we have retraced together the history of our acquaintance. During these years has been revealed to us some slight conception of the marvels of matter and force. But one is overwhelmed by the thought that, though we catch some slight vestige of their

laws, no man can tell us whence they are or why they are. I can take you no further than the present, for what is to be rests with each of us separately. But surely we start forth on life with an equipment of which we need not be ashamed. God grant that we may use what we have gained here for ourselves, our friends, our countries (for we owe it them, also), but, above all, for Him!

Mr. Curtis then resumed:—

“Our historian having proved himself the equal of Josephus, Bancroft, and Macaulay, we will now show you what we can do in the Daniel Webster ‘line,’ and I think we can easily prove that old Daniel would not be ‘in it’ with us for oratorical ability. I can even now see his shade weeping mournful tears at the thought of his laurels, so soon to be snatched from him. Allow me to present our orator, Mr. Charles Arthur Meade.”

THE ORATION.

FELLOW CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS:—

As we stand together to-day for almost the last time as an undergraduate body,—probably never to be again united as we now are,—the thought comes to us frequently, as the minutes slip away, that in a few hours at the most our lot will be cast with that somewhat shadowy and faintly remembered, but we trust highly respected, line of alumni.

At present we may pause for a moment, and look in either of two directions: behind us, the scene of past triumphs or defeats, a vista already mellowing in golden haze; or ahead, where shines the bright light of the world, and whence comes the call to wider fields and more stirring scenes. A contemplation of the past is, perhaps, as sure to stir up vague regrets as to awaken happy memories; and our eyes most naturally and willingly turn toward that brighter view we call the future.

We are all too familiar with the graduate's picture, as the wit of the modern press portrays him; a picture more or less just accord-

ing as the artist has used for his model the more or less astonishing productions of the college mill. It will not do here for us to deprecate or defend idealism, so often scornfully called the only food and raiment his *Alma Mater* furnishes the graduate when she exposes him to the jeers and buffets of a cold and cynical world. Rumor has it that Technology does not thrust her graduates into quite as naked a state of existence as some of her sister institutions. There are always, however, two sides to the question. Idealism again comes into the field of vision, and we may see, and possibly realize, how some of us may starve upon pottage, while some of our brothers will fare even sumptuously upon nothing but the wild honey and locusts of the desert.

At any rate, to-day we are standing upon the threshold of the doorway to the outside world. Glimpses of the land beyond are faintly seen, and visions of varied hues pass before our minds as we very naturally pause to ask, “Where and what?” Probably the question of duty has never arisen before us more vividly than to-day, coming, as it does, in a threefold form, calling imperatively attention to our country, our college, and ourselves.

The problems of citizenship, which are so soon to meet us with a very personal reality, are problems which it is pre-eminently the duty of every graduate to try to solve to the very best of his ability. We believe the scientific education to be one of the greatest factors in the advancement and enlightenment of the age. The accusation has been made, and with no little seriousness, that scientific men are very prone to narrowness; to see naught but the problem in mind; to be almost entirely lacking of any sense of the largeness of the world about them. We must admit that the accusation contains something of truth, for we do not have to look far to see a few deplorable examples scattered here and there like warning beacons to keep us from straying into the desert.

A short time ago a statement appeared in *The Nation*, which one of our graduates aptly commented upon in our college paper, where the graduate of the Scientific School was compared to the weasel, "training his eye to follow steadily and unweariedly, looking neither to the right nor to the left, the narrow, gilded track that leads to wealth, or, at any rate, to bread and butter."

The statement is an unworthy one, but when such a conception arises, whether it be false or true, whether it is the fault of student or professor, or, what is most probable, the fault of the observer himself, it is our duty to dispel it vigorously and immediately.

The solution of the political and social problems of to-day depend, in no small measure, upon the readiness which we, and others in like position, display in uniting our best energies with all who are eager and willing to serve their country best. At the present time we are feeling a lack in our nation of that fervent spirit which animated the founders of this commonwealth and union; the spirit which made Adams and Hancock, and Garrison and Phillips such lights of history; the spirit which called forth the grand utterances of such statesmen as Webster and Clay,—thoughts and words which will ever exert an heroic impulse and noble influence.

The power of personal contact and influence has always, in the world's history, played a part of supreme importance. It is easy enough for our hearts to beat faster, and our eyes to glisten, when we recall the words Lincoln spoke upon the battle field of Gettysburg; but how feeble in comparison to the great wave of feeling and sympathy sweeping over the multitude as they listened in rapt attention to the voice of the great leader.

The public of to-day is looking constantly for leaders, and is as constantly accepting what are, if not downright cheats, but the sorriest makeshifts. Whether we shall be leaders or followers, whether our power shall be great or small, it must always be our duty

to keep clear the flame of country love, which has burned so brightly in the past, and which must have an even brighter luster in the future.

As we leave here to-morrow, to add our names to the roll of graduates, we carry with us, I know, a sincere regard for the welfare and success of Technology. Her interests should be our interests; whatever of success we may attain, another addition to her fame and reputation, and all honor and glory, wherever won, should be hers as well as ours. It must be confessed with regret that the young alumnus of Technology does not maintain this feeling toward his *Alma Mater* as he ought. That he cherishes a feeling of sincere regard and profound respect there is not the slightest doubt, but, with a few exceptions, a warm and zealous love is most sorrowfully lacking. Our President has well said that Technology's strength lies in her undergraduates; but unless these same undergraduates leave her full of admiration and love, full of desire to help her in every way they can, the undergraduate power must necessarily fall far short of attaining what it might when supported by an enthusiastic body of alumni. During the years Ninety-Four has spent here, an apparent attempt has been made to close the gap heretofore existing between Technology and her graduates. Ninety-Four can and should do her part toward the final accomplishment of this union—a union, however, we can never hope to accomplish until the graduate carries away with him a feeling of more potent influence than mere respect.

There is a small college in Ohio, adhering, it is true, to conservative methods of instruction and learning, which has had a brilliant record in the past and promise for as bright a future, due in great measure to the hearty support and sympathy of her graduates. Technology may well follow her example by inspiring her alumni with a like zeal and enthusiasm. On the other hand, the attitude of the alumnus in the past has had far too

much of the *laissez-faire* principle about it. If we wish to help Technology onward and upward on the way she has struggled alone long enough, we must urge the abandonment of this policy with all possible earnestness, and join hands with those of faculty and undergraduates who desire to see her occupy a position where she shall stand a lofty example to those around her.

This same idea of action, live and vigorous, each one of us must persistently adhere to if we are to stand among our fellow-men where we ought. A determination to do our share of the duties devolving upon us in the community wherein we may dwell, means to experience a warmer interest in others, and a most wholesome development into a broad, rich life, gaining continually in power and influence by virtue of the control we may exert upon affairs and men about us. It also means hard work; it means, at times, self-sacrifice and a loss of luxury we might otherwise enjoy; but the end,—is it not worth the toil?

Whatever else we may have learned the past four years, two facts stand out most clearly before us to-day. Whatever questions we meet in this world will never be answered to our complete satisfaction unless it is by our own brains; and whatever is worth attaining deserves the toil and patience its pursuit demands. The ability to think and act for ourselves is of supreme importance, and with this must be joined that delight in action which every healthy mind and body experiences.

May we all hope to experience in the future, if we have not already in the past, what Massachusetts' grand bishop once so wisely and truly described: "To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger than a grain of sand, in this great system in which we live,—that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of sunshine, or the serpent of the

eagle's triumphant flight through the upper air. The man who knows, indeed, what it is to act, to work, cries out, 'This alone is to live!'"

After more music, which seemed hardly up to Daggett's standard, the poet was introduced as follows:—

"From oratory let me lead you to

'Thoughts that youthful poets dream

On summer eves near haunted stream,'

the thoughts coming in this case from *our* poet, Mr. Arthur Shurtleff."

"AS A METEOR."

I.

Through the zenith, where the old stars brood
With eyes grown small with watching, flies
An arrow with a train of fire
Across the dark concave of night,
To quench its flame in the black flood
Of space unfathomed. The old stars brood
With eyes grown small outwatching time;
And from the top of some low hill,
Housed in his wheeling dome to watch
The skies, the gray Astronomer
Marvels, and doubts his aged sight.
A meteor come from what vast void
Beyond the utmost scan of thought,
To blaze an instant through the night
And plunge again to endless depths!
Yet as a shaft from the true bow
Of Sagittarius flies through
The cunning path the archer's eye
Determined ere the shaft was loosed,
So flies the meteor through the gulf,
Constrained, within the destined path
Which the great sun has bent
Into a wide ellipse, to span
The awful space beyond the stars.

II.

On a tired day, when laborers toil,
And oxen bend the heavy yoke,
Dragging from the fields the harvest's hoards,
Into a cottage home there comes
A life that was not there before,—
A feeble child, in whose young cry
Is heard the language of a soul
Unused to earth; and One will say,
"This soul created here in dust,
Now feels the first impulse of sense,
And breathes the first strange breath of life."
And One will say, "This soul is come
From dwelling in some world unknown,
Or Heaven, or this our earth, to learn
The lessons that were else unlearned,

With station and with circumstance
 Allotted to the task untried,
 Yet not without a memory
 Of that first life's experience
 Moulding upon each thought and deed
 The imprint of its first estate."
 And One will say, "Unless this soul
 Shall prove by word or deed
 It merited to walk this earth,
 We cannot find here manifest
 A purpose to a wise design;
 Nor shall we say when Death has come
 That this soul lives, nor to what realms
 It flies, unless its tenor here
 Fulfills a purpose to an end
 Beyond the compass of a life
 Trammeled by earthly circumstance."

III.

Harbored within its suited frame
 The young life grows, and finds the world
 In stature measured to its own,—
 A garden to the childish mind;
 A playground to the happy boy;
 Fame's high arena to the youth;
 And to the sterner man a field
 Of conflict, where the small and weak
 Wages, with how successful strife,
 Battle against the strong and great;
 In which, though numbered with the strong,
 How oft he falters or deserts,
 Or turns against the better cause.
 At the rude tasks of husbandmen,
 Toiling upon the hill and plain,
 Sharing with them the lowly life
 The cottage knows, and sharing, too,
 Their hopes, their fears, their sufferings,
 In trouble, counselor, in grief,
 Consoler and a steadfast friend,
 He earns their love and reverence.
 Men say: "A purpose wise has brought
 This soul to us from out the dark,
 To labor with us and to teach.
 And by the tenor of its life,
 In which that purpose still abides,
 To span the darker gulf beyond
 It cannot fail; nor shall we fail
 Learning from it a better hope,
 A better fear, to lead us on!"

IV.

At twilight, when the gray bats fly
 On noiseless wings the gable 'round,
 And night moths fare their spectral course
 Across the hedge-row top, a light
 Startles within the cottage gloom,
 And with the hurry of feet there come
 Anxious entreaties, and the sound
 Of crying, for the life
 Is gone at length, and the spent frame

Upon the bed, the memory,
 The love of friends, and what the hands
 Have done or made, alone attest
 That what is dead once nobly lived.
 And One will say, trusting his eyes
 To prove the dark, "This is the end.
 Lost now as utterly this life
 As a thin flame flared out, which leaves
 A blackened coal to mock the lamp."
 And one, whose countenance bespeaks
 A better truth, will say, "Who lived,
 Lives now; and as the Alchemist,
 Seeing the laws of atoms, cries,
 'No particle can be destroyed,'
 So I, seeing the laws of life,
 Declare, 'What lived shall all endure!'
 Think'st thou long years of noble life,—
 Long years of sacrifice, have wrought
 Structure so frail, that if a pulse
 Cease beating, or a breath is stilled,
 It crumbles like a house of sand?
 When such a soul is stilled in death,
 A haven, if there were none, would build
 Straightway to shame unreadiness!"

V.

And we, who now commemorate
 The close of our first task, which is
 A harbinger of greater tasks
 Augured by this to be at last
 Accomplished through that constancy
 Of purpose which has conquered here,
 What is the tenor of our way?
 Augured by this no level course,
 Content to wander in the plain,
 But toiling on the steeper slopes
 To find a freer air. Our path
 Leads upward from the mists below.
 And when, the summit all but won,
 Our earth-strength fails us, and we fall
 Upon the path, though purpose bent
 To struggle to its utmost heights,
 Shall all be ended, and the life
 Halt with the stricken clay? Say no!
 No more than halts that meteor
 Shot from the Sagittarian bow
 When it has swum into dim space
 Beyond the utmost ken of earth,
 But through the ether dark pursues
 Its course, unchanged, invisible!

Introducing the statistician, Mr. Curtis
 said:—

"The orchestra has taken us back to times
 when 'Music, heavenly maid, was young,'
 but we must now return to the stern realities
 of life in the calm, cold facts of our statis-
 tician, Mr. Colbert Anderson MacClure."

THE STATISTICAL REPORT.

FRIENDS AND CLASSMATES:—

EACH year brings new faces upon this platform for the same purpose that we are here. Each year hears figures read and conclusions drawn which may be of vital and varied interest to the classes themselves, but, from the point of view of the spectator, are thrown into perspective, where they coincide with all previous reports. History repeats itself, and that is why I am here to-day. It is the same old story, but remember this is *our* class and *our* day.

Technology is different from other colleges and universities in many of its customs. Unlike these institutions, the terms Freshmen, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior are never used officially at Technology. They are replaced by ordinals. We have no Commencement; our formal leave-taking is styled "Graduating Exercises." During the early days of the Institute a successful candidate for a degree was notified that his diploma awaited him at the office when he chose to call. It was not until 1879 that the graduates were chosen to read abstracts from their theses before an audience. The result was so gratifying that this exercise became a regular custom. It will take place in this hall to-morrow with the same simplicity that characterized its experimental stage.

The liberality of the Faculty toward our student body has been conspicuous from the start. No set rules govern our conduct. We have not had to ask for permission to "cut" for a day. There is even nothing to compel us to attend chapel; we are not even limited, at least up to date, on "Technique" grinds. Throughout the entire course students are considered as free moral agents—as young men who know what is fitting and proper, and who do it without any fuss or comment. It is clear, then, that we have no need for a students' congress, and that we do not attempt to copy or rival other colleges or universities in matters of government or general customs.

Such radical differences in the character of our *Alma Mater* naturally affect the statisticians. In this case it caused me to follow in the footsteps of my predecessors, who sent letter circulars to the members of their classes, asking them all about their private affairs. I did this in order to be a gossip without seeming to be impertinent. The circular was marked "confidential," but of course this was only a ruse, for it is clearly my duty to report everything received.

A thorough study of these answers warrants the statement that the organization of the Class of '94 was made possible, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety, Anno Domini, by the arrival at the portal of this great institution of two hundred and ninety-four human beings gathered from the four corners of the globe as follows: one each from England, Scotland, France, and Peru; two each from the Argentine Republic and Japan; three from the Hawaiian Islands; four each from Canada and the Eastern States; eighteen from west of the Mississippi; twenty from the South; thirty-eight from the Middle States; and from New England, one hundred and ninety-nine; a goodly representation from the Hub and the Spokes of the Universe. Of this number, seven were young women—the remainder were *boys*. The average age at time of entrance was nineteen years.

Of this two hundred and ninety-four, two hundred and fifty-two entered as regular four-year students. It cost the class thirty-eight and five-tenths per cent of its regulars to be initiated into the mysteries of Sophomorphism, thus leaving one hundred and fifty-five men to do battle with Heat. Seven and one-tenth per cent of this number were prostrated by the temperatures of Carnot's Cycle. Having taught us two severe lessons in percentage, Fate, in the guise of the Faculty, took only seven-tenths of one per cent toll for entrance into the fourth year. Out of the two hundred and fifty-two who started in as regulars, one hundred and fifty-nine, or sixty-three per cent, will

not receive degrees to-morrow. This great falling off in our ranks is due partly to the fact that a few could not wait for their degrees before accepting the lucrative positions which invariably confront Tech men. The class, however, having been reinforced by five-year students and graduates from colleges, now numbers one hundred and thirty-six. This will be the largest class Technology has graduated. Of this number three are women; the remainder are *men*. N. R. Craighill, W. W. Carter, and N. T. Quevado having already received the degree of S.B., will receive the degree of S.B.² The average age of the graduating class is twenty-three years, but little Kenneth Foster Wood requests me to say *he* was twenty-one on the 25th of this month.

There is nothing extraordinary about the height or weight of the members of the class, the tallest man being only six feet three and one-half inches, and the heaviest man weighing less than three hundred pounds. Eight per cent of the class are six feet or over. Neither does the size of hat or boot show anything remarkable about the class's intellect or understanding. Only thirteen per cent wear glasses: considering that Technology is in Boston, this is certainly a remarkably low percentage.

Forty per cent of the class *claim* to wear mustaches. A conscientious Course II. man, in answering the question "Do you wear a mustache," replied, "Yes; but the boys say I don't."

Five per cent admit that they smoke cigarettes habitually, nine per cent occasionally. Eighteen per cent use alcoholic beverages rarely, eight per cent occasionally, and four per cent habitually.

Only ten per cent of the class have taken regular physical exercise during their four years, and yet ninety-six per cent have enjoyed good health. This shows that a strong constitution is one of the requirements for a degree.

Almost all the political parties, and nearly

all the creeds of the world, are represented. Among the latter are: Episcopal, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Baptist; Unitarian, Christian, and Universalist; Agnostic, Cosmic, Catholic, Jewish, Christian Scientist, Swedenborgian, Salvation Army, and Sun Worshiping. Twenty-three per cent of the class do not attend church. Eighty-four per cent have studied on Sundays (Boston missionaries to foreign countries please take notice). The attendance per month at church varied from eight to 0.3687 times. The latter figure was given by a Course VI. man, who guarantees it to be correct within one ten-thousandth of one time.

The next group of questions asked was: For what did you come to the Institute? When you entered, did you expect to work hard? Have you been disappointed? The answers show that a "Co-ed" came here to study a peculiar and eccentric being much written about by Darwin and Huxley. A Harvard graduate said he came to Technology to learn something. Comparatively few knew how they happened to come. One ascribes it to the influence of the stars; another declared that he was talked into it by a man who had a grudge against him. Exactly one hundred per cent of the class expected to work hard when they entered; ninety-four per cent have not been disappointed.

An opportunity was given to the members of the class to suggest beneficial changes in the curriculum. It seems to be generally agreed that Janitor Norman should be put on the Faculty, that the doors should be left unlocked between the Architectural and Engineering buildings, and that N. H. Janvrin should be made a professor. Courses II. and VI. strongly urge that a tablet be fixed upon the walls of the Mechanical Laboratory which shall bear the following sentences: This tablet is fastened to the wall by four three-inch rivets, forged by Carl Ball and riveted by P. P. Bourne. May they both have a vacation until time shall eat the rivets in twain!

The answers show that fifteen per cent of the class would willingly go through the four years again. The remaining eighty-five per cent might be induced by financial persuasions varying in amounts from expenses to four million dollars. One of the young women students would be induced by a promise of eternal youth. She probably meant *an* eternal youth.

I asked the class how soon they expected to be married. The answers were like these: When I find the girl; never; in ten years; none of your business. Three per cent do not think it wise for a man to marry before he is thirty. Twelve per cent think it is eminently proper, and eighty-five per cent think it depends upon the financial circumstances of the contracting parties or their parents. One man says he will tell me definitely two weeks from to-day, and promises to send me an invitation.

It is the general opinion of the class that there is no "snap" Course unless it be XIV. (which doesn't exist). Thirteen per cent of the class have received ten or more honors up to the time the Faculty abolished this mark. Twenty-seven per cent have never received an F on an annual or semiannual examination. Frederick William Harwood, Course VI., is the honor man of the class, he having received twenty-four honors on these examinations.

Forty-five per cent believe in co-education at Technology. The gist of their reasons is that some women are smarter than most men. The objections to co-education were based upon sentimental or æsthetic grounds.

It gives me especial pleasure to announce that The Grand Old Man has again been unanimously declared the most popular professor at Technology. May Professor Runkle continue for many years to play his important part in the advancement of this great institution, whose existence is so largely due to his efforts and ability.

The votes for the handsomest man in the class ran very close. Courses I. and IV.

took especially prominent parts in the race, and the latter finally won. The handsomest man in the class, according to vote, is Gerald Morse.

The next question was: Do you think any member of the class ever distinguished himself? If so, in what way? A keen observer answered: Yes, several: Frederick W. Lord in track athletics, E. D. Clarke and T. P. Curtis in foot-ball, and F. P. Simonds at the Senior dinner. Another thought W. D. McJennett distinguished himself by sacrificing the prettiest mustache in Technology to elevate the Stage, and J. C. Locke by climbing the greased flag pole to such a height that he has never recovered from the dizziness experienced.

Whom do you consider the oddest man in your course, and why? brought many oddities to view. In Course IV. it is "Colonel" McGoodwin, because he spends his Saturday afternoons pricing plaster casts at Caproni's, and Sundays in wishing he were a "Co-ed" at Wellesley. A Course V. man replies: A. A. Claflin,—he needs but to be seen. Course X. offers up G. H. Anderson, for the following reasons: He teaches Sunday school, never swears, and can defy any man to describe or to imitate his walk. E. D. Clarke has won his reputation from the fact that he went to sleep during a recitation in Applied Mechanics, and, when called up for it by Prof. Lanza, he replied that he could think better with his eyes shut. One third of Course VIII. says *she* is odd because the *other* two fellows are even.

An experienced man states that in order to be waited upon in the lunch room, one should have the patience of Job, the guile of a serpent, and the personal charms of an Apollo.

R. B. Price is the busiest man in the class. He belongs to ten Technology organizations.

One man, who belongs to the Baker's Dozen, says he is one of the biscuits which has no crust, notwithstanding he has been repeatedly roasted. This could be nobody but Robert

Loring. Most of us have regarded him as a water cracker, which is all crust.

The average expenditure of the class during the first year was \$772.40; for the second, \$773.75; the third, \$795.25; and the fourth, \$794.98. The greatest expenditure reported for one college year was \$1,700. The average of what the class considers a fair allowance is \$811.55.

With '94 a social Renaissance has come to Technology. This has been made apparent by the revival of the Junior Assemblies and the great success of the French play and the class dinners. Ninety-Four has done much to remove the feelings between the classes, not only by advising, but by materially aiding them in their enterprises. This magnanimity has spread to the lower classes, and good results are sure to follow.

Several poems were received, but most of them are, unfortunately, upon subjects forbidden to Seniors. One, however, is available. It is correctly entitled "Effervescence," and was written by an architect upon receiving notice that the Faculty had recommended him for a degree.

O, talk about your good old times
Which linger on the way;
Which are scheduled for to-morrow,
And which never come to-day;
Which are always just before us,
And about which poets sing
Like the warbling of the robins
At the near approach of Spring.
Heretofore we've never met the times
Though hopes were ever strong,
As we've worked away in silence
While we shoved the world along;
But at last we have attained the goal,
Our victory is at hand,
For we leave our *Alma Mater*
To enlist with Coxey's band.
No Faculty advice for us,
No *F*, *FF*, or *D*,
Nor dread of warning notices
Signed by Harry W. T.
We've only now to light our pipes
And smoke them at our ease,
While the mortgage on the universe
We'll foreclose whene'er we please.

Then all stand back and hold your breath
And listen to the boom,
For '94 will spread herself
If she has lots of room.

The prophet was presented as follows:—

"We all know how in old times the prophets had a little way of running up to a king and saying, 'You die ere noon,' or 'Your family will be swept off the face of the earth in about a minute,' or some trifle like that. Let us hope, then, that modern prophecy has changed its methods, and that we may hope for a more pleasant future in the augury of our prophet, Mr. Harold Mayson Chase."

THE PROPHECY.

I FEAR that you have just disproved the old adage, "He who laughs last laughs loudest." Mr. Curtis has said that in olden times the prophet might say to the King, "To-morrow you die." I hope that after the exercises you, as the kings, will not say to the prophet, "You die now." (*A long pause.*)

I am sorry to keep you waiting so long, but it requires time, even in this rapid age, for twenty years to pass by.

As I look around upon these once familiar surroundings I can hardly realize, and I doubt if you can yourselves, that two decades have passed since the class of '94, lion-hearted but clad in sheepskin, went forth to meet and do battle with the world. (That beautiful and impressive figure of speech was supplied me by my old friend, Mr. William King, known to you of old as "Billy." William is now a minister, and delights in making such beautiful metaphors.)

In spite of the years which have rolled away since that memorable event, I see many a familiar face here this afternoon, and can almost imagine that it was but yesterday that I sat and listened to the eloquence of my classmates. In fact, I can almost remember the jokes of the statistician and historian; and as I look upon them to-day, it is hard to believe that they have grown old, unless, perhaps,

ge is evinced by a slight weakness at the knees and trembling of the hands. In fact, I hope that you do not remember those jokes yourselves, for I should like to make a few similar ones myself.

This ancient hall, too, has not changed. The "learned men upon the frieze" still adorn its walls, and the interesting tug-of-war in the northwest corner seems as far as ever from a decisive ending. Upon the brow of the fair spirit of co-education there still dwells the same calm look of intellectual superiority which used to greet our eyes as we awoke from our dreams at the end of a lecture.

It would, indeed, be pleasant to bring to your minds the recollection of those four happy years spent under the guidance of Fair Technology,—of our boyish escapades, our successes and our failures; but let us leave them to the past. Others have filled our places upon the steps of the Rogers Building. Our children attend the chapel where once we gathered. We have become back numbers, and it is my duty to-day to turn the pages of our lives and reveal to you the fate or fortune of our classmates; a task which I undertake with hesitation. Should I make mistakes, I trust that I may be forgiven, for the time allotted me for preparation has been comparatively short.

Only this morning I was in South Africa, visiting my old friends Blake and Robeson, who have control of the former's invention for the artificial production of diamonds. Mr. Blake was just illustrating the process for my benefit by turning out a very small specimen,—which, by the way, I kept as a curiosity (*pulling out from a pocket an immense diamond set in a large ring, and placing it conspicuously on finger*),—when a telegram was handed me from Mr. Dickey, secretary of the Alumni, bidding me to be on hand this afternoon at a reunion of '94, prepared to give as full an account as possible of the doings of its members for the last twenty years.

I had just time to catch Benedict's nine

o'clock special rapid transit, but did not arrive in Boston until eleven o'clock, as we were delayed on the way by a slight entanglement with one of Cutler's high-speed mail packets. Out of respect to Mr. Cutler we were obliged to slow up and collect the fragments.

All this time I was puzzling my brain—which, by the way, is a false one, manufactured by Mr. N. H. Janvrin. It is really an admirable brain, far superior to anything of the kind I ever had before. As I said, I was puzzling my brain for a method of finding the histories of my old friends, many of whom I had not seen for years. I even went to the trouble of taking out that triumph of human ingenuity and examining it. I tried every combination of push-buttons, catches, and springs, but in vain. The fertile inventor had actually forgotten something.

While in this quandary I happened to glance across the car, where my attention was attracted to a strange-looking machine, something like the ancient phonograph, which bore a placard with the words, "Dalton's Electro-germ Elucidator. Drop a Nickel in the Slot after Reading Directions." By a few moments' study of the latter, I discovered that this was exactly what I wanted, as it would put me in communication with the mind of a friend, by means of his particular electrical condition of mind, which, according to Mr. Dalton's wonderful discovery, corresponds to the number of hairs in one's head.

The machine worked to perfection, even if it did cost a number of nickels. One member of our class I could not reach, however; a circumstance which troubled me exceedingly until it occurred to me that Mr. Anderson was probably bald, and consequently did not come within the scope of the machine. The deficiency was supplied, however; for as soon as I arrived in Boston, and my tired feet mechanically took their way—even after years of absence—toward the abode of one Julius Fellner, what was my surprise to see over the door of that hospitable resort the

legend, "Ye Sign of Ye Ancient Elm. G. H. Anderson & G. B. Haven, proprietors. Cochituate water always on tap."

My old friends were apparently glad to see me, and probably remembered my chronic financial condition, as they absolutely refused to take anything for my refreshment, saying that they had much rather give it to me than have me owe them.

Leaving this hostelry I continued my way toward the Institute of Technology, the most famous home of science and art in this universe, not even excepting Fowle's school of Philosophy on the planet Mars. I first visited the chapel, where I found Duckworth and Claffin still playing billiards.

I soon arrived at that once familiar building containing the engineering laboratory, now the finest in the world. As I looked down the long aisles bordered with hundreds of machines, the triumphs of inventive genius, I thought of the days of twenty years ago, and could almost imagine a voice saying, "Well, I can't help that. You are ten seconds late, and you will have to lose the test and also work up an extra cylinder." But I did not hear the voice, owing to the demand for kindergarten teachers, which at one time seriously threatened the life of the engineering laboratory.

I had now just time to visit the lunch room. Worse and more of it! Cultured Boston has done away with eating, and where once we regaled ourselves in imagination watching the favored few eat strawberry pie, there now stands the well-known hypnotic café of similar principle. Sitting down beside an instrument closely resembling a piano, I gave my order to the young lady in charge,—who, to tell the truth, looked rather familiar,—and then took hold of the handles as directed. My attendant sat down before the instrument and proceeded to play me as good a dinner as ever was prepared in the olden days by Mrs. Parker herself. Not being a native Bostonian the effect was not as lasting as it might have been.

Moreover, the waiter must have remembered me, for she finished up with a Wagnerian crash, evidently intended to represent lobster salad and pistachio ice cream. As I went away I saw a plate upon the instrument bearing the words, "Bean—Boston—4-11-44," and I have wondered ever since whether it referred to the combination for Boston's ancient delicacy, or to another '94 man well known for his grand inventive genius.

I hope you will excuse my dwelling so long upon these matters which are doubtless familiar to you all, but they were quite novel to me, an untutored South African. I will endeavor now to tell you, as concisely as possible, the histories or occupations of as many of our class as time and memory will permit.

Only last night I saw upon the full moon in clear, black shadow letters, thrown, I presume, by Nowell's lunargraph, the words, "Good evening! Have you used Beach's Soap?" This article, I was informed by the nickel-in-the-slot machine, has become very popular among the Esquimaux for afternoon teas and lunches. Speaking of the Esquimaux—another nickel brought me the information that Mr. J. C. Locke, discoverer of the North Pole, has just opened a hotel at that famous summer resort. He has also written a book, "The Life and Works of J. C. Locke." The book is now on sale at Ridler's, reduced from \$5.00 to \$4.99.

Mr. Clement I saw myself as I was coming across the Public Gardens to-day. I had stopped for a few moments on the shore of the pond to watch the fishes, when I heard a voice say, "Move on, there!" Turning around I recognized our Chicago friend, in spite of his brass buttons and sceptre.

I was obliged to use two nickels to find much about Loring, but finally learned that he had drifted about a long time in search of amusement, and ended by establishing a livery stable in Venice. Some people laughed at this idea, but our South Bostonian, seeing that horses didn't suit Venice, decided that Venice must be made to suit the horses. So,

before the city fathers of the damp old town realized their position, he had the canals filled up and a first mortgage on all the principal palaces.

MacClure, like his predecessor Mark Twain, is, you observe, a remarkable success. Clark and Curtis are both gentlemen of leisure and members of the Rod and Gun Club. The former has a peculiarity of always catching small, but very heavy fish, much to the disgust of his friend, who insists that if the fish did not swallow the sinker they would not weigh so much, which certainly seems logical.

Wood, after becoming leader of the 400, reduced the list to *one*. His sole rival in New York Society is Price, the ruler of Tammany Hall, which is now run in connection with Meade's church for reformed politicians. This combination is an astonishing success.

McKibben organized a reform for the promotion of the 9 o'clock rule, and old-fashioned people who still sit up until 12 or 1 o'clock are fast becoming unpopular. Abbott, of Course VIII., our mathematician and physicist, is at the head of his department at Smith College. His untiring efforts for the benefit of his fellow-men have culminated in the establishment of co-education at that institution. Bovey married a young lady named Hovey, because, he said, he was sorry for her on account of her name.

Miss Gallup, after a successful career as chemist, became disgusted with the other members of her profession and established a riding school. Bates has devoted his life to the elevation of the German Band. His latest song, "Willie doesn't see the Joke," may be heard at every corner. The other chemists, headed by Mr. Scott, formed a society called the I. Y. S. A. A. W. D. B. T. Y. T. I. Club. For the benefit of those who have never had anything to do with chemists, I will explain that the initials mean, "If you see any apparatus which doesn't belong to you, take it."

Lane finally succeeded in smiling, which feat so surprised him that he forgot himself

and laughed. He has not yet entirely recovered. Davies, as might be supposed, won renown as a historian. His recent work entitled, "The United States before its Annexation to Canada," has placed his name high on the lists of fame.

Kittredge ($\frac{T_1}{T_2} = e^{f''}$) got around that embarrassing formula by discovering a method for suspending friction altogether. A memorial window has been erected in his honor by students of Course II.

McJennett joined Coxey's army soon after graduation—tramped to Washington, and delivered such a telling oration before Congress, that the latter assembly actually found him a job. The shock was too much for him, and he disappeared, and has not been heard from since.

Thus far the machine had answered to the persuasive nickel with a readiness and precision which was absolutely miraculous. I had now reached my last nickel, and dropping it in the slot I said, "Please connect with Mr. Kirk." Perhaps the nickel was a bad one—I cannot say—but, at any rate, the machine gave a gasping sound and then became silent, nor would any coaxing in the way of dimes and quarters compel it to answer. And thus endeth the chronicle of '94.

In conclusion the Chief Marshal said:—

"All things must end, and we only ask that you judge us leniently, and remember that we are not adepts at having Class Days, this being really our first attempt. Professor Lanza will be very happy to see you all in the Engineering Building immediately after the exercises, to show you experiments on his thirty-million pound testing machine. A light lunch will be found on exhibition in the drawing room upstairs."

Then the great audience slowly left the shadow of Huntington Hall to muse upon, perhaps, the most successful Class Day Technology has held.

The Engineering Building was thrown open for inspection, great beams were crushed in

the big Emery machine, and Professor Lanza played with his other pet apparatus to the astonishment of the uninitiated. Refreshments were served in Room 20, which was decorated especially for the occasion.

The Sigma Tau Chapter of D. K. E. held its usual Class Day reception at the Brunswick. It was largely attended, and proved fully as pleasant a feature as in the past. Some of the other fraternities held informal receptions at their houses at various times during the festive days.

The Senior Assembly.

MONDAY evening witnessed the gayest, and to many the most pleasant, event of the festal days. Pierce Hall, with its simple but beautiful floral decorations, never looked more inviting. As carriage after carriage rolled up to the door, the scene became one of great animation and brilliancy. There were people present from all parts of this country and even from abroad, all equally bent upon enjoying the occasion to the utmost. Shortly before midnight the doors of the supper room were thrown open, and the tables, in all their splendor, were surrounded by eager throngs. All the while, Daggett's orchestra, hidden amidst the foliage in the little balcony, played their most inspiring strains. Finally, as to everything, the end came, but memories of that evening are destined to linger long.

The matrons were Mrs. Francis A. Walker, Mrs. Charles R. Cross, Mrs. Louis Krumbhaar, and Mrs. Thomas P. Curtis.

Thanks are due to Messrs. R. K. Shepard, Ames, Franklin, F. S. Howland, Hewitt, Green, Fitts, Barr, Fisk, F. W. Fuller, Flood and Tillinghast, for their services as ushers throughout the Commencement exercises.

The Last Senior Class Meeting.

NINETY-FOUR held its final undergraduate class meeting Tuesday morning, May 29th, in Room 11, Rogers. The Constitution was

revised to suit the needs of a graduate organization. Provision is now made for an annual meeting and banquet, to be held at such time as the Executive Committee shall decide. Then Mr. R. B. Price was re-elected president, and Mr. C. A. MacClure vice-president, for next year. Mr. A. B. Tenney was made Secretary-Treasurer, and Messrs. T. P. Curtis and C. N. Wrightington were elected to serve with the preceding on the Executive Committee. The class then extended a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Donald for the use of Trinity Church, to Bishop Lawrence for his splendid sermon, to the Glee and Banjo Clubs for their concert, and to the class officers for their services during the past year. It was then voted to let the Class Day Committee dispose of its surplus funds as it saw fit, and the meeting adjourned.

The Graduating Exercises.

AGAIN on Tuesday, Huntington Hall was crowded to its utmost. At half past two the Faculty and a few members of the Corporation took seats upon the platform, and the class filed in to their places.

President Walker welcomed the audience, and then explained the nature and purpose of theses, a few abstracts of which were to be read. He stated that students were not chosen to read abstracts on account of scholarship or exceptional theses, but that from each course a thesis was chosen which would represent the character of the course and prove of some general interest as well. He then called upon the following men to read their abstracts: Charles Greeley Abbot, Harry Reyburn Bates, Harry Wentworth Gardner, William Stewart Hulse, William Herbert King, Thomas Gleason Richards, William Henry Sayward, Jr., George Wilmarth Sherman, John Conyngnam Stevens, George Aymar Taber, and Joseph Earlston Thropp, Jr. The abstracts were well written, well read, and proved very entertaining.

Then the class rose, and President Walker congratulated them upon receiving their degrees, "the worthy object of your exertions," especially upon those exertions themselves. They have made you masters of yourselves. This prize is not the reward, but the witness that reward which is in you yourselves. Your patient labors, your scholarly fidelity, your unremitting application to duty, have strengthened and steadied you. They have enlarged your facilities and more and more made you men. I wish you all happiness, success and prosperity. Be as faithful in the outer world as you have been here, be as careful and loyal, and you will not fail." The degree of Master of Science in Civil Engineering was then conferred upon Frederic Wood Fay, S.B., and the following one hundred and thirty-six men were made Bachelors of Science:—

Charles Greeley Abbot (VIII.)
 Raleigh Bullard Adams (X.)
 George Herbert Anderson (X.)
 Edmund Lathrop Andrews (VI.)
 Fred Charles Baker (II.)
 George Edward Barstow (II.)
 Howard Rittenhouse Barton (VI.)
 Harry Reyburn Bates (V.)
 Valter Vennard Batson (VI.)
 Charles Burr Beach (X.)
 Irving Everett Beach (V.)
 Edwin Sherwood Bean (VI.)
 Fallette Lyman Benedict (VI.)
 Beresford Berry (VI.)
 Grosvenor Tarbell Blood, S.B. (II.)
 Charles Royce Boss (IX.)
 William Howard Bovey (VI.)
 Stephen Alec Breed (II.)
 Valter Vail Brown (VI.)
 William Wood Carter, S.B. (VI.)
 Jason Smith Chace (II.)
 John Winslow Chapman, Jr. (II.)
 Nathan Coleman Winslow Chapman (II.)
 Harold Mayson Chase (X.)
 Ian Avery Claffin (V.)
 Edward Dutton Clarke (VI.)
 Fred Hamilton Clarke (I.)
 Arthur Austin Clement (X.)
 Prescott Hilton Coolidge (I.)
 Henry Fillmore Copeland (I.)
 Nathaniel Rutherford Craighill, S.B. (VI.)
 Orace Allen Crary (I.)
 Charles Henry Cutler (VI.)

Nelson Wait Dalton (VI.)
 Henry Baldwin Dates (VI.)
 Theophilus Clive Davies (II.)
 Leon Keith Davis (X.)
 Nathan Brown Day, A.B. (II.)
 Harry Stafford Duckworth (V.)
 Henry Belin du Pont (X.)
 John Ellis (VI.)
 Arthur Jay Farnsworth (VI.)
 John Neil Ferguson (I.)
 Frederick Eugene Fowle, Jr. (VIII.)
 Harriet Tooker Gallup (V.)
 Harry Wentworth Gardner (IV.)
 Royal Waldo Gilkey (II.)
 Lewis Stone Greenleaf (VI.)
 Sarah Abbie Hall (VIII.)
 Burt Sylvanus Harrison (IV.)
 Frederick William Harwood, Jr. (VI.)
 Harry Payson Hastings (I.)
 George Bartholomew Haven (II.)
 William Reed Hill (IV.)
 Charles Frederick Hopewell (VI.)
 Theodore Horton (XI.)
 Clifton Armstrong Howes (VI.)
 William Stewart Hulse (VI.)
 Albert Francis Hunt, Jr. (I.)
 Edward Marshall Hunt (I.)
 Ned Herbert Janvrin (I.)
 Charles Herbert Johnson (I.)
 Herbert Edward Johnson (VI.)
 Albert Lincoln Kendall (II.)
 Joseph Harris Kimball (XI.)
 William Herbert King (IX.)
 Robert Horner Kirk (II.)
 John Woodman Kittredge (II.)
 Charles Reay Knapp (IV.)
 Henry Osgood Lacount (II.)
 Lucius Page Lane (IX.)
 Frederick Meehan Leonard (I.)
 Robert Loring (X.)
 Frank William Lovejoy (X.)
 Guy Lowell, A. B. (IV.)
 Patrick Maurice Lynch (I.)
 Colbert Anderson MacClure (IV.)
 Angus Robert Mackay (III.)
 Marion Lucy Mahony (IV.)
 Fred Maynard Mann, B. C. E. (IV.)
 Virginius Augustus Mayer (VI.)
 Henry Kerr McGoodwin, B. S. (IV.)
 William Dargon McJennett (X.)
 Frank Pape McKibben (I.)
 Charles Arthur Meade (I.)
 Leslie Rogers Moore (V.)
 Luther Roberts Nash (VI.)
 Parker Cleaveland Newbegin, A. B. (I.)
 Henry Leopold Newhouse (IV.)
 Frederic Martin Noa (IX.)
 John Chase Nowell (VI.)
 George Owen, Jr. (II.)

Edwin Mason Parker (IV.)
 Walter Woodbury Patch (I.)
 Joseph Warren Phelan (V.)
 Walter Elbridge Piper (V.)
 Clarence Dubois Pollock (I.)
 William Hemmenway Pratt (VI.)
 Samuel Cate Prescott (V.)
 Raymond Beach Price (X.)
 Richard Warren Proctor (V.)
 Louis Warren Pulsifer, A. B. (IV.)
 Narciso Tadeo Quevedo, B. S. (II.)
 Samuel Gordon Reed (II.)
 Howard Sidney Reynolds (VI.)
 Robert Duncan Reynolds (II.)
 Thomas Gleason Richards (II.)
 Henry Francis Ripley (II.)
 Franklin Henry Robbins (II.)
 Arthur Silas Rogers (VI.)
 Silas Anthony Savage (II.)
 Albert Haydn Sawyer (IX.)
 William Henry Sayward, Jr. (VII.)
 Ferdinand Alfred Schiertz (III.)
 Walter Osgood Scott (V.)
 George Wilmarth Sherman (X.)
 Arthur Asahel Shurtleff (II.)
 Frederic Pond Simonds (IV.)
 William Alexander Soley (III.)
 Francis Marshall Southard (VI.)
 Austin Sperry (II.)
 John Conyngham Stevens (XI.)
 Henry Aiken Swanton (II.)
 George Aymar Taber (I.)
 George Taylor (II.)
 Albert Ball Tenney (II.)
 Joseph Earliston Thropp, Jr. (III.)
 Arthur Warren Tidd (I.)
 Toros Hovhanes Torossian, B. A. (I.)
 Theodore Varney (VI.)
 Henry Ellis Warren (VI.)
 Rigby Wason (VI.)
 William Read Westcott, A. B. (VI.)
 Robert Charles Wheeler (I.)
 Kenneth Foster Wood (II.)
 Charles Nelson Wrightington (II.)

The audience then gradually dispersed, some to inspect the buildings with their interesting exhibits of apparatus, student work, etc., others to prepare for leaving the city, as Commencement was a thing of the past. But nearly all the graduates and their friends first paid their respects to President and Mrs. Walker, who received from four until six in the President's Room, assisted by the Misses Walker, who poured tea and lemonade.

From that time grew the realization of what a college friendship means.

Champions!

It was an enthusiastic delegation that accompanied the Track Team to Worcester on May 23d, and it returned even more enthusiastic. In spite of the rain and heavy track, fair time was made in all the runs. Technology proved a very dark horse, and scored in nearly every event. She made a total of thirty-eight points, counting five for first, three for second, and one for third place in the finals. Brown came second with a total of twenty-five and one-third points.

Below is given a summary of events and winners:—

100-YARD RUN.

1. H. S. Patterson, Williams, 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ sec.
2. W. S. Peyo, Williams.
3. R. W. Carr, M. I. T.

120-YARD HURDLE.

1. S. Chase, Dartmouth; 16 sec. (record).
2. B. Hurd, Jr., M. I. T.
3. F. W. Lord, M. I. T.

TWO-MILE BICYCLE.

1. W. C. Marmon, M. I. T.; 5 min. 50 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. (record).
2. J. T. Burns, M. I. T.
3. J. W. Angell, Brown.

HALF-MILE RUN.

1. G. O. Jarvis, Wesleyan; 2 min. 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ sec.
2. J. A. Rockwell, Jr., M. I. T.
3. C. O. Seymore, Amherst.

MILE RUN.

1. G. Clapp, M. I. T.; 4 min. 39 $\frac{1}{8}$ sec.
2. A. G. Bugbee, Dartmouth.
3. G. W. Parker, Dartmouth.

POLE VAULT.

1. H. L. Town, Williams, M. D. Dunning, Amherst, tie; 10 ft 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
- A. P. Smith, Dartmouth; E. L. Morgan, Amherst; G. G. Russell, Brown, tie.

440-YARD RUN.

1. J. A. Rockwell, Jr., M. I. T.; 51 $\frac{1}{8}$ sec.
2. F. P. Claggett, Dartmouth.
3. F. W. Marvel, Brown.

220-YARD HURDLE RACE.

1. B. Hurd, Jr., M. I. T.; 26 $\frac{3}{8}$ sec.
2. A. M. Lyon, Dartmouth.
3. E. Pictney, Williams.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

1. F. W. Marvel, Brown, 22 ft. 2 in. (record).
2. J. R. Allen, Williams.
3. S. Chase, Dartmouth.

220-YARD RUN.

1. W. S. Deyo, Williams; 23½ sec.
2. R. W. Carr, M. I. T.
3. H. L. Twitchel, Amherst.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

1. S. A. Macomber, Brown; 5 ft. 7¼ in.
2. H. M. Tyler, Amherst.
3. C. Borden, Bowdoin.

MILE WALK.

1. H. F. Houghton, Amherst; 7 min. 15½ sec. (record).
2. W. B. Bliss, Williams.
3. A. F. Post, Amherst

THROWING 16-POUND HAMMER.

1. F. E. Smith, Brown; 109 ft. 10 in. (record).
2. G. T. Ellis, Brown.
3. C. H. Parker, M. I. T.

TWO-MILE RUN.

1. L. F. Soule, Bowdoin; 10 min. 28½ sec.
2. G. Clapp, M. I. T.
3. D. Hall, Dartmouth.

PUTTING 16-POUND SHOT.

1. F. E. Smith, Brown; 37 ft. 3½ in.
2. S. Carter, Trinity.
3. F. E. Mason, Dartmouth.

SUMMARY.

EVENTS.	Amherst	Bowdoin.	Brown.	Dartmouth.	Technology.	Trinity.	Vermont.	Wesleyan.	Williams.	Worcester.
100-yard dash	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	8	0
Half-mile run	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	5	0	0
120-yard hurdle	0	0	0	5	4	0	0	0	0	0
440-yard dash	0	0	1	3	5	0	0	0	0	0
Mile run	0	0	0	4	5	0	0	0	0	0
Two-mile bicycle	0	0	1	0	8	0	0	0	0	0
220-yard hurdle	0	0	0	3	5	0	0	0	1	0
220-yard dash	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	5	0
Mile walk	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0
Two-mile run	0	5	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0
Pole vault	4½	0	½	½	0	0	0	0	4	0
Putting shot	0	0	5	1	0	3	0	0	0	0
Running high jump	3	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Throwing hammer	0	0	8	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Running broad jump	0	0	5	1	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals,	15½	6	25½	18½	38	3	0	5	24	0

The Track Team has been photographed by Chickering. The Athletic Club will have a picture framed for the trophy room.

For the year, '95 has captured the class championship cup with a total of 97 points; '96 is second with 87, '94 third with 33, and '97 last with 13 points. Technology records have been repeatedly lowered, and now are upon a par with almost any American College.

The individual excellence cup this year has been won by Leander Burnett, '96. He scored 28 points in Technology games. G. Clapp, '95, made 22 points; F. W. Lord, '94, 21; B. Hurd, Jr., '96, 18; J. A. Rockwell, Jr., '96, 17; R. D. Farquhar, '95, 16; E. A. Boeseke, '95, 15; R. W. Carr, '95, 13; and J. W. Thomas, '95, 12 points.

Beta Mu, the Technology chapter of Delta Tau Delta, was reinstated on Thursday, May 17th. The new members were initiated at Tufts College. The charter members are: A. S. Hamilton, '96, A. W. Thomson, '96, A. F. Lindenlaub, '96, F. H. Walker, '96, J. W. Shuman, '97, A. C. Lamb, '97, D. C. Campbell, '97.

On May 23d twenty-one members of Course VI. chartered the steamer Actæon, for a day's trip down the harbor. Fishing,—for chowder,—salutes from H. M. S. Blake, and Willie Clark's pull to Fort Winthrop were the events of the day.

For winning the New England championship, Technology receives a large silk banner and obtains possession for a year of the solid silver Championship Cup. The banner is a welcome addition to the trophies collected in THE TECH office for the trophy room.

"THE TECHNOLOGY PORTFOLIO," which was put on sale May 26th, contains albertype reproductions of the Faculty, the Senior Class (including regulars and specials), Rogers, Walker, Engineering and Architectural Buildings, views in Copley Square, interior views of halls, libraries, studios, and machines, Class Day officers and Committee, '94's Technique Board, THE TECH editors, Institute Committee, Varsity Football Team, Glee and Banjo Clubs, and the French play. It is tastefully bound in red leather, and is gilt-edged. Some of the reproductions might be better, but on the whole it is a fine souvenir, and reflects credit upon the committee that worked so hard to produce it.